

FADE IN.

OVER CREDITS

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

The familiar spires of the Union Bank Building and the Twin Towers, glisten against the late morning.

INT. MALL - DAY

A sexy young black woman, TERRI, is on a shopping spree. She goes in and out of various stores buying items, checking her calculator, frowning at the cost, then ultimately changing her look from sexy to corporate.

She smiles at herself in a shop mirror, pleased with her classy new look. She dumps some bags of her old, sexy clothes into a trash bin and heads off to a job interview.

END CREDITS

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

A MIDDLE AGED MAN, GILES FINCH, 50s, avuncular, but clearly conservative, sits with his HUMAN RESOURCES MANAGER, opposite a handsome MAN or WOMAN, dressed professionally, BUT IT BECOMES CLEAR THIS IS A SHE-MALE, masculine and in a tight, professional skirt. Her name is TERRI, aged thirty, powerful features, with eyes that are incisive and something more ... perhaps unforgiving.

TERRI

I graduated Summa Cum Laude, New York University, Business and Economics with a Minor in International Law.

MR. FINCH

Yes, very impressive, but --

TERRI

And you'll note that I was the youngest manager to domestic oversight for Proctor and Gamble, following graduation.

MR. FINCH

Duly noted, However, as I mentioned, the position is unavailable as of this morning.

TERRI

Unavailable? But I was told by your HR person here that the position was still open.

Finch looks to his HR person, who looks down, with an expression that says she'd rather be buried with the dead someplace in Idaho right about now.

MR. FINCH

HR was unaware that the position was recently ... filled.

Terri considers this for a moment, then slowly stands.

TERRI

As filled up as you are full of shit

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Terri sits opposite a small mousy man of 42, whose name is STEINER. Steiner ponderously looks at Terri's resume in front of him, then glances up at Terri under veiled eyes.

TERRI

And for two years, I was acting VP to marketing and sales for Klein Mascoff in New York.

Steiner looks up and brightens.

STEINER

Well, there's my confusion. We are looking for someone with an accounting background, not sales --

TERRI

But your job description states specifically you need managerial sales experience --

STEINER

Yes, yes -- must be a typo. I'll speak to Human Resources about that.

(MORE)

STEINER (CONT'D)  
and speaking of typos, there seems  
to be some errors in your  
references, I was expecting a man.

Terri stands, looks him up and down and rolls the eyes.

TERRI  
Well as you can see, I am a woman.  
And you my friend are treading a  
fine line, this could be construed  
as sexual prejudice In the work  
place.

STEINER  
(standing, extending his  
hand)  
Thanks so much for coming in Miss.

Terri holds Steiner's hand, a little too long and stares him  
right in the eyes. Steiner's eyes widen, then Terri turns and  
leaves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Terri is visibly upset by the rejections she is suffering.  
She pulls herself together and continues to the next  
interview.

INT. OFFICES - DAY

Another executive, MARIAN LEES, 30s, attractive in that  
annoying Vassar or Smith All-Girls school way, looks to  
Terri, who studies her silently, as Marian rattles on,  
considering Terri's resume.

MS. LEES  
Certainly a fine background. I  
just wish we had the right ...  
position for you at the moment.

TERRI  
I graduated with Honors and have  
served collectively for over five  
years in executive positions, with  
excellent references. What more  
could you ask for?

MS. LEES  
(shrugging, helpless)  
Someone ... else?

Terri glares at her and stands, as Ms. Lees does the same, extending her hand. Terri looks very female executive, dressed to perfection in a business skirt and jacket.

TERRI

I am sorry that you are uncomfortable with the way I look. It should not be a component to assessing my qualifications for this position.

MS. LEES

I never inferred that it was an issue of how you look. I just don't think it would be a good fit at this time --

And then she breaks down and begins to cry.

Ms. Lees looks at her, then stands and comes around from her desk, and puts a hand on Terri's shoulder.

MS. LEES (CONT'D)

Don't cry. It's just one job interview.

TERRI

No, it's been every interview. No one wants me. Because I'm clearly different.

MS. LEES

You are - and personally, I don't have anything against that, just some of our clients are very conservative and I don't think you'd fit in very well.

TERRI

Really?

MS. LEES

It's just that this whole management team is so old school and, well, traditional in terms of their perception of things.

(beat)

I'll make a few calls after we're done here and pass on your resume.

Terri wipes her tears away.

TERRI

Thank you, I appreciate that.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Terri wipes the tears from her eyes, which continue to flow and she slams a fist on the sink panel.

TERRI

Damn it. Cryin' like a schoolgirl.  
Come on, pull it together.

She then-givies herself a slight primp in the mirror as she leaves.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - DAY

MUS: Doris Day Sings - "LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES" The SMOG COVERED LOS ANGELES Skyline is illuminated and full of life. Bustling crowds rush down the thoroughfares with a purpose.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

Affluent Beverly Hills-Adjacent style as only this part of the neighborhood can boast; modern with a touch of faux-Mexicana.

A statue of a LITTLE BOY wearing a SOMBRERO and pissing into a mini-pool, while holding a DONKEY'S EAR, rests beside the lobby entrance.

INT. TERRI'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - SAME

Steam rises and billows out from behind a glass shower door. A figure can barley be seen through the distorted glass.

We see the sexy curves of a sexy black body, feminine, yet strangely masculine muscle tone and proportions. This figure could belong to either A MAN or WOMAN, toned but not all-together masculine. This is, of course, Terri. Now out of professional ware and in her delectable birthday suit

Soap is rinsed away as the SOUND OF THE SHOWER running comes to a HALT.

Terri steps out of the shower, one cleanly shaven LEG at a time.

Long, wet black hair cascades down her back and clings to IVORY BLACK SKIN. Terri walks away gently patting the water from her body.

INT. TERRI'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Terri comes into a large bedroom with a queen size bed and sleek nightstands.

Terri, hooks on a black bra, concealing LARGE BREASTS.

Terri then steps into a pair of PANTIES and pulls them up a set of muscular legs, the crossroads of which reveal a sizable bulge!!!!

Oh my god! There's a penis in there, now covered up by the tiny panties. This is the shocker that Terri is infact a TRANS-SEXUAL.

Her cell phone RINGS on the night stand which abruptly silences DORIS DAY. Terri answers.

TERRI

This is Terri. With whom am I speaking?

We see Terri's face change expression.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Oh yes, I remember you.

(pause)

Well I don't know, I'm not really doing that anymore... (pause) How much? (pause) Ok, (pause) Yes I can take a credit card. (pause) yes, of course...

Terri opens a LAPTOP that lies on her bed. She is focused as she cradles the phone between her shoulder and ear and TYPES away.

TERRI (CONT'D)

I'll just need the three digit code from the back of the card and your name as it appears on the front.

Terri listens and TYPES.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Excellent. Call me from your car when you're at the corner of 63rd and 1st and I'll be sure to alert my doorman to let you up to my apartment...

(slowly)

145 North Doheny, Suite 5D.

(pause)

Oh, yes, sure thing.

Terri's tone changes from sweet to DOMINANT.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Be here on time, I don't tolerate tardiness from my clients. Your pain would only be greater, maggot. Is that understood?... Good boy.

She shuts the phone and tosses it on to the bed. she shakes her head in a slow sad way.

INT. TERRI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM LATER

Terri comes out of the bedroom as DERRICK, 25, Latino, a knock-off of Mario Lopez and exceedingly handsome, enters the apartment. He's wearing a nice suit.

DERRICK

Hi, how was your day? Any luck with the job hunt?

Derrick affectionately hugs Terri.

TERRI

You look nice, what are you all dressed up for?

DERRICK

I've got a date.

TERRI

Oh, I thought it was for me.

DERRICK

I gotta do what I gotta do to pay for all this. Just till I get that big break though. and till you get a job.

TERRI

Actually I have got a little job.  
One of my old clients is in town  
visiting his nephew.

Derrick takes out a wad of CASH and places it on a table.

DERRICK

This is yesterday's.

TERRI

What a way to make a living.

DERRICK

"All money ain't good money..."

Terri joins in.

TOGETHER

...but ho' money is fo' sho'  
money."

TERRI

Now get out of here. Go make some  
more. I have to go to my group.

DERRICK

Is that helping atall?

Terri walks over to Derrick and KISSES him on the cheek.

Terri LAUGHS.

TERRI

Darling, please. at the least it's  
good entertainment.

EXT. PUSSY WILLOW STRIP CLUB - SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY

The blinking neon sign of the PUSSY WILLOW NIGHT CLUB shines  
down onto the long line of patrons waiting in the cold to get  
in.

INT. PUSSY WILLOW STRIP CLUB - SAME

Men in suits and ties sit haphazardly around tables or pole-  
stages. A bevy of gorgeous topless pole and lap dancers are  
in full swing selling Paid For Love wares.

INT. PUSSY WILLOW PRIVATE ROOM - SAME

PAMELA, 20 years old, white, blonde and easily the most beautiful dancer in the club. She's also the skinniest, barely a size 2 -- part of her glorious desirability.

She's finishing up a lap-dance with a JAPANESE BUSINESS MAN in a plush private back-room.

JAPANESE BUSINESS MAN  
That was fucking great.

Pamela starts to exit the room and is chased out with a firm SLAP on the butt from the patron.

INT. PUSSY WILLOW MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Just outside the room, Pamela starts counting a crumpled wad of cash. She is quickly approached by DAWN, 30s, a butch, large-statured black woman in a business suit, who has a short cropped MANLY haircut.

Dawn says nothing, but sticks out her hand in front of Pamela.

Pamela places the wrinkled wad of cash in Dawn's hand.

With her other hand, Dawn GRABS Pamela's arm and pulls her forcefully across the barroom floor.

INT. DANCER'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The dressing room is full of beautiful STRIPPERS preparing for their next shift.

Dawn enters with Pamela in tow. She jerks her into the room, then violently SLAMS her against the wall.

Dawn SLAPS her across the face and holds her flush to the wall with one hand around her throat. Pamela doesn't resist.

They stare at one another for a long moment. The Strippers instinctively pile out of the room, leaving the two alone.

The two KISS passionately. Dawn releases her grip, causing Pamela to GASP for air.

Dawn ignores her and methodically counts the cash.

DAWN

I ain't gonna tell you again, baby girl. Let the customer get it his way. You been actin' all brand new lately.

Pamela crosses to her make-up table unfazed and cuts several lines of COCAINE on a mirror. She walks it over to Dawn.

They snort the lines nose to nose and it leads into a kiss, like an R-Rated version of the spaghetti scene from Lady and the Tramp.

Dawn separates a small take of the cash for Pamela and inserts it into the front of her bejeweled g-string.

DAWN (CONT'D)

You slippin', Pamela.

PAMELA

(pissed)

These cheap motherfuckers. They don't recognize a prime piece of ass when they see it.

DAWN

I don't want your excuses. Next you say it's the economy. Obama's not my fucking problem.

PAMELA

Who?

Pamela's cell phone RINGS.

DAWN

No calls when you're working.

Pamela shuts the phone off MID-RING.

PAMELA

Sorry, Daddy.

DAWN

Clean up and get back out there.

Pamela makes her way back over to the make-up counter. She begins applying some blush.

Dawn comes up from behind and caresses the side of Pamela's face. Pamela looks up in the mirror at her and forces a SMILE.

Dawn's hand retreats and she exits the room; Pamela's eyes follow her departing reflection in the mirror.

Pamela looks at herself in the mirror - and wipes a small tear away. Then resumes with the blush.

INT. THERAPY SESSION/QUA GROUP - DAY

Terri sits among a circle of other transgender subjects; some Male to Female, some Female to Male. The MEDIATOR is JOAN, a successful Trans-sexual who went 'all the way' regarding surgical alteration from MAN to WOMAN. She tells her true story then encourages some of the others to do the same.

JOAN

My own ultimate decision to embrace my true destiny as a woman was due to an inherent unhappiness living as a man. I knew what I had to do.

Joan points to MARY, a She-Male, African-American.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Mary, would you like to share with us your story.

MARY

(hesitantly)

I'm just still not sure.

Mary tells her story.

JOAN

Thank you Mary, now who would like to go next?

Joan points to KEN, white, corpulent, 32.

KEN

Well, my issue of course is quite different.

Ken tells his story of changing from a woman to a man.

JOAN

Now that you've taken that tiger by the tail, Ken. Do you officially have the prosthetic in place?

KEN

Yes I do, would you like to see?

Everyone laughs.

Cries of "Eeewww!"

KEN (CONT'D)

Yes, ma'am. My Mr. Mike Tyson is official and sewn in deeper than an Alabama tick.

Laughter, and applause. Joan then turns to Terri.

JOAN

Terri? Do you want to weigh in?

TERRI

I still have my unit. Thinking about giving it the Marie Antoinette, but am dealing with other priorities at the moment.

JOAN

Like what?

TERRI

Like trying to find a job as a respectable executive, for which I studied and trained for years and which I'm failing to achieve because I'm a man in a dress.

JOAN

Ah, workplace discrimination. Unfair practices.

TERRI

I think so. It's fucking frustrating, forgive me French.

Joan nods, then looks to the group.

JOAN

We are, all of us, of a special breed. Society at large is not going to accept us willy-nilly. It will take time. We must continue to be gender warriors.

Everyone claps. Terri pops some gum and stares at Joan.

TERRI

That's what we should call you.. Willy - nilly.

Everyone laughs. Terri stands ready to leave.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Now I have to make a living  
somehow, so excuse me.

INT. MR. BUGSBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Derrick is laying on his side on the bed.

A forty-something bald man by the name of MR. BUGSBY, in a tea-bag, is on his knees, stroking Derrick's muscular thighs, commuting slowly to Derrick's rather perfect ass. Call it lust, call it body worship, call it anything but love...

Mr. Bugsby then turns Derrick around slowly, using both hands.

DERRICK  
(angry)  
You suck that python, bitch.

Mr. Bugsby looks up at Derrick.

MR. BUGSBY  
Yes, Master Derrick.

Derrick rolls his eyes.

Mr. Bugsby MUMBLES something incoherent.

DERRICK  
What did you say, Dirty Boy?

MR. BUGSBY  
(gurgling)  
Please fuck me, Master Derrick.

Derrick stares down at Bugsby and drops the dominant facade.

DERRICK  
It's five hundred extra.

MR. BUGSBY  
What?! Five hundred extra for you  
to fuck me?

DERRICK  
Five hundred more if you want my  
dick to go anywhere but home.

Mr. Bugsby pulls out his wallet from his back pocket, his face is RED and WET. He's PANTING. He looks into his wallet, pulls out five bills and hands them to Derrick.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Thank you, that's a good boy.

He puts the money into his pants pocket and pulls out a Trojan condom.

INT. TERRI'S ROOM - DAY

Terri is in her room with a CLIENT. A RED light bulb bathes the room in dim light, creating a carnal ambiance.

Her Client is SHACKLED to the wall with leather restraints. He is a middle-aged bearded man. He is wearing a diaper and has a ball gag in his mouth. We see that he is also slathered from head to toe with OIL. His body glistens with it.

Terri struts around the room with a CAT O' NINE TAILS, looking him up and down; a look of disgust painted across her face.

She undoes his shackles and he FALLS to the floor in a fetal position.

Terri speaks with the authority of a correctional officer disciplining a disobedient prisoner.

TERRI

Are you ready to serve Mistress Terri?

The man looks fearful and responds timidly.

CLIENT #1

(softly)  
Yes, Mistress.

TERRI

Say it like you mean it, you shit-eating slave. Loud and Clear!

CLIENT #1

(with vigor)  
I am ready to serve you, Mistress.

TERRI

On your knees, fuck-face.

She WHIPS his body with the cat o' nine tails and taunts him as a cat would toy with a mouse.

She places her six inch stiletto boot on his shoulder and THRUSTS her crotch squarely into his face.

He shoves his nose into her crotch and SNIFFS in her aroma over and over again with ecstasy.

The Client begins to KISS her leg from top to bottom.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Did I give you permission to kiss  
my body, meat-bag?

He stops suddenly.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Answer me, toad.

CLIENT #1

No.

The Client looks at Terri and licks his lips.

TERRI

No...what?

CLIENT #1

No, Mistress Terri.

TERRI

Exactly. Now say you're sorry.

(beat)

Or I'm gonna punish you so you  
don't sit right for a week.

CLIENT #1

I'm sorry.

The man SHAKES with sincere fear.

TERRI

How dare you come in here and  
misbehave and disrespect me. Do you  
know what I do to little bad boys  
like you?

CLIENT #1

Crucify me, Auntie Terri...I mean,  
Mistress Terri, Mistress Terri.

TERRI

I told you to stop calling me that  
you, sick fuck.

She SMACKS him across the chest with her cat o' nine tails  
and he WHIMPERS.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Without discipline, bad boys like  
you grow up to be spoiled little  
brats.

CLIENT #1

(with a stutter)  
Yes, Mistress Terri.

TERRI

You're a noisy little boy. Always  
squeaking like a pathetic mouse.

He has no response.

TERRI (CONT'D)

And the squeaky wheel gets the  
grease.

Terri picks up a bottle of oil and pours the entire container  
over the Client's head. He proceeds to RUB the oil all over  
his body and face.

CLIENT #1

Anoint me. Wash my sins away. Purge  
me of the evil inside me.

TERRI

Silence, slave!

Terri gives him a wicked smile.

INT. DAWN'S RANGE ROVER - DAY

Pamela sits in the backseat with two of the STRIPPERS from  
the club, CHRISTI AND STRIPPER #2. They're all GIGGLY and  
passing around a mirror with lines on it.

Dawn is driving and looks into the rear view mirror at the  
girls in the back.

DAWN

If any of that blows out the  
window, it's coming out of your  
pocket.

Dawn pulls up to an apartment in Hollywood.

The two Strippers get out of the car. Each one walks up to the driver's side window and kisses Dawn.

CHRISTI  
Goodbye, Daddy.

STRIPPER #2  
Yeah, goodbye.

DAWN  
Goodbye, baby girls. You put those pretty pussies to bed, make pappy happy.

CHRISTI  
'Kay, Pappy.

Pamela gets out of the car and moves up to the front passenger's seat.

Dawn watches the Strippers walk with a swagger to the entrance of their apartment building and go inside.

Dawn re-starts the car as Pamela looks on, clearly agitated and shaking.

DAWN  
You need to do that favor for me.

Dawn steers the wheel with her legs as she lights a JOINT and inhales it.

PAMELA  
I knew you were gonna say that.

Dawn exhales a cloud of SMOKE which fills up the inside of the car.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Look, Daddy - we have to talk about this. Things have changed. That last guy you set me up with was trippin' and I -

DAWN  
Changed? I'm talking about the future. How many times do I have to tell you -- when you're runnin' that pretty little mouth of yours -- you don't listen. You need to learn your place, baby girl.

PAMELA  
 (backing down)  
 Yes, Daddy.

Pamela watches Dawn drive. Dawn notices she's being watched.

DAWN  
 What are you looking at? Cut some  
 more lines sweet cheeks.

Pamela reaches into the backseat and grabs the MIRROR. She places it on her lap and opens her PURSE.

DAWN (CONT'D)  
 I was sayin', I'm thinking bout  
 movin' you out of the clubs;  
 putting you on a higher level.

PAMELA  
 Yes, Daddy.

Pamela shakes out some COCAINE from a tiny plastic bag and it forms a small mound on the mirror. Dawn watches out of the corner of her eye.

DAWN  
 Careful with that.  
 (beat)  
 I see you on my A-Team in a couple  
 of months pickin' up the slack in  
 West Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

PAMELA  
 A couple of months? I appreciate  
 that and all, Daddy, but I...

DAWN  
 (angry)  
 Did I say I was through talking?  
 See, your ass don't know how to  
 shut yo' mouth no more.

Dawn POUNDS on the steering wheel. Pamela JUMPS like a stuck pig, startled.

DAWN (CONT'D)  
 Here I'm trying to help and you  
 just disrespect me.

PAMELA  
 (manic)  
 I'm just feelin' like I need a  
 break. You know what I mean?  
 (MORE)

PAMELA (CONT'D)

I don't wanna run no dope on no  
West Hollywood shit or Bev Hills  
crap. I ain't feelin' that.

DAWN

Bitch, is you trippin'?

A long, dangerous moment of silence.

Suddenly, Pamela GRABS the door handle. While the SUV is still moving, the passenger door is now half open.

But before Pamela can jump out, Dawn grabs her arm and PULLS HER BACK IN. The passenger's side door SLAMS shut, turning off the overhead light. Dawn, having let go of the wheel momentarily to do this, quickly puts her hands back on the wheel and attempts to straighten out the car, the sound of tires SCREECHING.

PAMELA

(screaming)

No! You're trippin' if you think  
I'm gonna go back out on the  
streets for you or fuckin' anybody  
else. I'm tired of this shit, Dawn.  
I like the club. The girls --

Dawn suddenly COLD-COCKS Pamela in the jaw. The mirror falls to the floor and the cocaine scatters onto the carpeted interior of the SUV.

Pamela LUNGES at Dawn, flailing her arms and screaming.

The car SWERVES and narrowly avoids oncoming traffic.

Dawn, trying to retain control of the wheel with one hand, grabs Pamela by her ponytail with the other and SLAMS her face hard against the glove compartment.

Blood runs out of Pamela's nose and stains the upholstery on the passenger's side.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME

Derrick walks down the city street, his hand deep inside a bag of potato chips. He CRUNCHES down on a mouthful of them, and wipes the crumbs on his half-buttoned shirt.

HONKS and the sound of tires SCREECHING fill the city street.

Derrick looks up in the direction of all this commotion.

He sees Dawn's SUV barreling out of control in his direction. He dives out of its path to safety, dropping his bag of chips, just as we see the vehicle CRASH head on into a lamp post.

INT. DAWN'S RANGE ROVER - SAME

Dawn and Pamela are tossed about the cabin of the car like rag dolls.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME

People are semi-gathered around the scene of the accident.

The SUV is totaled. The front of the vehicle is SMASHED like an accordion against the post. Broken glass is scattered on the sidewalk.

PEDESTRIANS look on from a safer distance but Derrick is right next to the mangled car.

PEDESTRIAN #1  
I'm calling 9-1-1.

The sound of MOVEMENT inside the car. After a moment, a bloodied Pamela stumbles out of the vehicle and COLLAPSES.

She struggles to stand and regain her composure but she slips and slides on the icy pavement.

Derrick rushes to her. He lifts her up, getting her to her feet.

DERRICK  
Jesus, are you okay?

Pamela's body is littered with cuts and scrapes. Her dress is torn in many places and blood from all over drips out on to the white snow of the sidewalk.

PAMELA  
I'm not dead?

DERRICK  
Close. I got you. Try not to move,  
someone's calling an ambulance.

Pamela looks back inside the car to see an unconscious Dawn slumped over the steering wheel. She's in even worse shape, blood all over the broken windshield.

PAMELA  
No. Please, just get me out here.

DERRICK  
Your friend --

She attempts to RUN, but Derrick catches her before she falls again.

The sound of SIRENS in the distance. Pamela looks into Derrick's eyes.

PAMELA  
Please.

Derrick looks around at the crowd, which is now growing.

DERRICK  
Okay, come on.

Derrick grabs on to her tight and hastily guides her through the crowd of people. Some notice him dragging her away while others examine the crash.

PEDESTRIAN #2  
Hey, what are you doing?

DERRICK  
I'll get her to the hospital.

Derrick hurries past everyone. Some look on with concern but none of them actually do anything to stop him.

Pamela's arms are wrapped around Derrick's neck as her legs try to gain pace with his in a half-successful attempt to walk alongside him.

INT. LOBBY OF TERRI'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Derrick carries Pamela's limp body in the front door of the apartment complex. The DOORMAN rushes to help get her inside.

DOORMAN  
Derrick --

Derrick hands the Doorman a FIFTY DOLLAR BILL.

DERRICK  
It's okay.

Blood drips from Pamela's forehead. Her blond hair is now PINK with blood. She's visibly more pale than she was inside the car.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
We're almost there. Don't die on  
me now.

Pamela is slipping in and out of consciousness. She begins convulsing and GASPING for air as they reach the lobby elevators.

INT. TERRI'S APARTMENT BEDROOM.

Terri is wearing a silk robe and is cleaning up from her "date".

INT. TERRI'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Derrick TOPPLES in the door still holding up a fading Pamela. He picks her up bodily and lays her down on the couch.

OFF-SCREEN: Muted MOANS and GROANS can be heard.

DERRICK  
Wait here, I'll be right back.

Pamela is unresponsive.

INT. BEDROOM

Derrick enters the bedroom

DERRICK  
We've got a problem.

Terri turns back to Derrick.

TERRI  
What now?

Derrick takes Terri by the hand and rushes her toward the living room. Terri closes the door behind her.

INT. TERRI'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Derrick drags Terri into the living room.

DERRICK'S POV: The couch where he left Pamela is EMPTY.

DERRICK  
What the fuck?

A RUSTLING and the sound of GLASS BREAKING catches both of their attention. They spin halfway around to indicate the origin of the noise.

Pamela is at the windowsill, the window half open, her leg dangling out of it. A BREEZE blows back her hair, making the cuts on her face even more visible. She's knocked over Terri's lamp.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
Shit.

Pamela attempts to get her entire mangled body through the opening but Derrick RUSHES over and pulls her back in with remarkable force.

TEARS stream down Pamela's face as she falls to the floor and onto the broken light bulb.

PAMELA  
(crying)  
She's gonna kill me.

TERRI  
Looks like you almost beat her to it.

Terri crosses over to the window, shuts and locks it.

DERRICK  
She who?

TERRI  
Derrick, who the fuck is this?

PAMELA  
I've got to get out of here.

DERRICK  
You're not going anywhere in this condition.  
(to Terri)  
Get her some water.

TERRI  
What am I, a maid?

Terri notices nobody is paying attention to her and after a moment, she heads to the kitchen and fills up a glass of water.

Pamela struggles to get to her feet. Derrick pulls her up and places her back onto the couch.

Terri returns from the kitchen, the glass of water in her hand. She places it to Pamela's lips and tilts the glass, helping Pamela drink.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Failed at killing yourself and  
can't even drink water on your own.  
Is there anything you can do?

With this, the bathroom door opens and out steps the Client, now fully dressed. He wears all black with a white collar. He is a PRIEST.

He casually and quietly walks through the living room. He offers a single nod in their direction as he leaves a CASH tip on a table near the front door. He seems unfazed by the scene in the living room. He exits.

Terri and Derrick turn their attention back to Pamela to find her fast asleep on the couch.

Terri looks at Derrick, she's pissed.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
I really don't need this crap in my  
life right now.

Derrick puts his arm around her shoulder, comforting her.

DERRICK  
Don't worry honey, I'll take care  
of her in the morning. Let's just  
call it a night.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. TERRI'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Pamela is right where they left her, dead asleep on the couch.

TERRI (O.S.)  
Wake up Sleeping Beauty.

Pamela slowly opens her eyes. PAMELA'S POV: Terri's face is blurry but quickly comes into

FOCUS.

PAMELA  
Where am I?

TERRI  
A shemale's house.

PAMELA  
(disoriented)  
What?

Pamela sits up on the couch, her strength apparently returned.

TERRI  
You've been asleep for fourteen hours. I guess a car accident will do that to you.

Pamela GROANS groggily and rubs her neck.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Breakfast is on the table. Shower and get dressed first.

INT. TERRI'S KITCHEN - LATER

Terri, Pamela, and Derrick all sit at the kitchen table. A plate of PANCAKES and EGGS sits in front of each of them.

Pamela's hair is wet, the blood no longer painted on her face. She wears a mans shirt.

She has a black eye and a busted lip. Aside from her bumps and bruises, she still has a remarkable natural beauty that shines through. She scarfs down a forkful of pancakes while Derrick and Terri watch her.

TERRI  
I know that club. The Pussy Willow.  
It's managed by a dyke bitch.

PAMELA  
Dawn.

TERRI  
How did a kid like you get involved with that skank fish.

CLOSE ON PAMELA

PAMELA

I was doing really well on my own,  
at the top of my game --

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Pamela, on her knees, getting raped by two THUGS. She's been beaten, and is sobbing.

PAMELA (V.O.)

But then I met Dawn one night --

A GUNSHOT goes off, and one of the thugs grabs his thigh in agony, while the other thug pulls out of Pamela, and stares at Terri, her .22 pistol still smoking.

DAWN

You fucked up cherry bitches. You  
lucky I don't blow your sorry dicks  
off for raping that girl. Now fuck  
off, before I make you cocksuckers  
two balls minus a bat.

The one thug helps the other thug limp off.

Pamela turns on her back, but not before reaching for her VODKA BOTTLE, and swilling it back. She looks like shit.

PAMELA (V.O.)

It was hard, but I offered to work  
for her --

On the ground, Pamela bleary-eyed gurgles:

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Please ... help me ...

Dawn just stares, then pulls Pamela up.

END FLASHBACK

INT. TERRI'S KITCHEN - DAY

Pamela motions towards the syrup on the table.

PAMELA

(mouthful)

Pass that.

A bit of chewed egg falls out of Pamela's mouth. Terri GRIMACES and pushes the syrup toward her. Pamela snatches it and proceeds to drench her entire plate.

DERRICK

You said she's gonna kill you.

PAMELA

Surprised that fuckin' bitch hasn't already. Always smackin' the girls til we don't know what is.

Pamela looks over at Derrick with a look of REVELATION.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Is she dead?

DERRICK

I don't know, I didn't stick around to find out.

Terri looks to Pamela.

TERRI

How long you been with her?

PAMELA

Dunno. A year? Before that, like I said, runnin' street game by myself.

(beat)

You got jelly?

Terri FROWNS again and gets up from the table. She walks over to a cupboard and opens it.

Pamela snags two slices of TOAST from a plate on the table.

DERRICK

How old are you?

PAMELA

Twenty-one. But don't ask me what month I was born.

Terri places the jar of jelly down in front of Pamela.

TERRI

You don't know when your birthday is?

PAMELA  
Nah. Don't even know my parents.  
Fucked up, right?

Pamela tries hard to unscrew the cap from the jar.

Derrick grabs it from her and with ease, he twists off the cap.

Pamela SMILES at him.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Thanks.  
(beat)  
So, yeah, Dawn took me from the street and set me with easy money at the Willow. Sometimes she sends me out but mostly it's in-house.

TERRI  
She gave you a few shiners, too.

Pamela scoops out a glob of jelly and plops it down on a piece of toast.

PAMELA  
I was gettin' slapped by Johns on the street anyway. Least I was makin' more money at the club.

Pamela takes a large bite of the toast.

DERRICK  
You ever do any kink stuff for the guys?

Terri shoots Derrick a hard look.

TERRI  
(to Derrick)  
What the fuck are you doing?

Derrick returns her hard look, not even remotely intimidated.

PAMELA  
Why? You into kinky shit...what's your name again?

DERRICK  
Derrick.

PAMELA  
Right. Pamela. You can call me Pam.

TERRI

And you can call me Miss Terri.

Pamela ignores her.

PAMELA

There was this Russian dude, Arnie.

Pamela LAUGHS to herself.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

He had me like fart in his face and  
piss on him and shit. Easy money.  
And I didn't need bathroom breaks.

DERRICK

We --

TERRI

(interrupting)

Well, we've done our good deed for  
the day. Girl, you gotta go.

DERRICK

Terri...

Pamela looks at Terri, her mouth AGAPE, exposing a chewed-up  
mouthful.

PAMELA

I don't have nowhere to go.

TERRI

Well...you can't stay here.

DERRICK

It's cold out there, Terri. Come  
on.

TERRI

Come on what?

DERRICK

Give the girl a break.

TERRI

A break? Do I look like Mother  
Teresa?

PAMELA

Who?

Terri lift an eyebrow at her.

TERRI  
 (disbelief)  
 Girl...

DERRICK  
 (to Pamela)  
 You got any money?

Pamela reaches into her purse and plops a huge roll of CASH on to the table.

PAMELA  
 It's all I got. I've been skimming off my tips when Dawn wasn't lookin'...saving up for a rainy day like this.  
 (beat)  
 Well, a blizzard of shit day like this, that is.

TERRI  
 There you go then. Take that money and do something positive with it. Ever heard of school?

PAMELA  
 (offended)  
 You don't need to be worrying about my money. What I do with it is my business, okay?

Pamela drops her knife and fork and STANDS up.

TERRI  
 And who sleeps in my house and eats my food is my business, okay? So you can just get to steppin'.

Pamela takes a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL from her wad of cash and throws it down onto the stack of pancakes.

PAMELA  
 Thanks for the hospitality, Miss Terri.

Pamela turns to Derrick and her voice softens.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
 Thanks for your help, dude. I won't forget it.

Pamela picks up her fork and eats one more bite of the pancakes, despite the money resting on top.

Derrick just stares at Terri, his face serious and unflinching.

Pamela, picks up her stuff, walks to the door, exits and SLAMS it when she leaves.

Terri stands up and starts clearing plates from the table. Derrick's eyes follow her.

DERRICK

Why you acting all cold like that?

TERRI

What you expect me to do?

Terri snatches Pamela's plate from the table. She heads to the sink.

DERRICK

You know we can help her.

TERRI

I can't help her.

Terri picks the hundred dollar BILL up from the tall stack with two fingers and FROWNS while maple syrup slowly DRIPS from it.

DERRICK

She just gonna go find another pimp like Dawn and probably end up dead.

(beat)

I mean, you been talking about adding a girl to the line-up anyway. God knows we need it.

Terri turns and faces Derrick, who still sits at the table.

TERRI

Listen Derrick, this...

Terri GESTURES from herself to Derrick.

TERRI (CONT'D)

...is you and me.

DERRICK

And how long does this last? Because this was supposed to be temporary.

Terri turns back to the sink and scraps eggs from the plate into the garbage disposal that lies in the drain.

TERRI  
It takes time.

DERRICK  
I was supposed to be landing  
leading roles by now. And you're  
supposed to have a corner office.

Terri is silent for a moment. She turns around and faces  
Derrick again.

TERRI  
Well, it isn't for lack of trying.  
These middle-class motherfuckers  
don't understand my trans-sexual  
ass.

DERRICK  
Yeah, that's gotta be it.

Derrick stands up.

TERRI  
You going somewhere?

DERRICK  
I have a date.

Derrick starts towards the door. He STOPS for a moment and  
looks back at Terri.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
I have a meeting after.

TERRI  
Meeting with who?

DERRICK  
Richard.

TERRI  
Your sad-excuse-for-an-agent  
Richard? Tell him to give me a  
call, I'll spank his ass red.

DERRICK  
Yeah, well...I won't be back til  
late.

Derrick opens the door and exits. Before the door closes,  
Terri yells after him.

TERRI

Try not to bring home any fucked up  
white girls this time.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

Pamela is standing in front of a mirror in the hotel bathroom. She's wearing a provocative outfit, her face is still BRUISED, she is applying makeup, trying to cover it and make herself look beautiful again.

INT. THE CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL - CENTURY CITY - LATER

A door opens to reveal Pamela standing in a hallway.

The man who answers the door is a large black man, with the build of a football player. He is one of Pamela's CLIENTS. His name is KING.

Pamela walks right in when the door is opened.

KING

Where you been? I couldn't reach  
Dawn.

King LAUGHS.

KING (CONT'D)

She give you them beauty marks?

Pamela just rolls her eyes.

PAMELA

Just shut up and let's go.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pamela and King are in bed.

King is on top of Pamela, her small frame almost entirely engulfed by the muscular arms propped up on either side of her.

He suddenly places his LARGE HAND, which is half the size of her face, over her mouth. Pamela's eyes go WIDE as she struggles to breath. He goes HARDER as she tries to scream through his thick fingers.

Her muffled PLEAS are an indication that she's being suffocated.

Sweat drips down from King and lands on her face. King doesn't seem to notice (or care) as Pamela's hand searches around the night stand and finds a CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE.

In a single motion, Pamela SMASHES the bottle against the side of King's head and champagne and shards of glass fly all over the bed.

King falls to the floor, unconscious.

Pamela hurries to get dressed. In the process, she SPITS on the lifeless King in a fit of rage.

PAMELA

Fucking asshole. You trying to  
kill me?

She bolts out of the hotel room as...

CLOSE ON: Her PURSE lies on the floor beside King's body.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Derrick enters a sleek office and takes a seat across from a LARGE DESK.

One the walls are autographed posters of famous movies.

Behind the large desk sits RICHARD, 40s, white, smug. He's got a head of THINNING black hair. He compensates for this natural disaster by growing it long on the sides, so that it hangs down; a tiny bluetooth pokes through the thicket of hair. He's engaged in conversation.

RICHARD

(to bluetooth)  
Okay Freddy...Yeah...

Richard holds a finger up to Derrick -- "one second"

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(to bluetooth)  
That role's yours for the  
taking...Of course...Listen,  
Freddy, a very important client  
just walked in...uh...Okay, talk to  
you later, Golden Boy.  
(beat)  
Sorry about that.

Derrick crosses his legs.

DERRICK

Busy?

Richard SHRUGS.

RICHARD

Druggie has-been, but somehow he keeps working, while the rest of us struggle

DERRICK

Does that mean you got nothing for me?

Richard picks a stress ball up off his desk and plays with it in one hand.

RICHARD

I think you should be asking if you've got anything for yourself, D.

DERRICK

No. You're my agent. And you haven't found me anything in months. Except for roles that include the suffix "#2".

RICHARD

Are you still working with Terri?

DERRICK

What does that matter?

RICHARD

She's not helping, Buddy. She's bad for the career.

Derrick uncrosses his legs and LEANS IN.

DERRICK

She's the reason I got with you. So maybe you're right, because that hasn't proven very helpful.

Richard LEANS IN too.

RICHARD

(quiet-paranoid)

Don't talk about that.

(beat)

Okay, look. If you free up your schedule a bit, I'll find you something soon.

DERRICK

It has to be something big,  
Richard. And it needs to happen  
fast.

RICHARD

Who do you think you are, Tony  
Hopkins?

DERRICK

I'm a real actor. American Academy  
of Dramatic Arts. Off-Broadway,  
Shakespeare. I take my craft  
seriously. I expect you to do the  
same.

Richard leans back and offers nothing more than a knowing  
SMILE.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - EVENING

Terri enters the office of an investment banker, GARY.

TERRI

I'd like to put this in my account.

GARY

(interrupting)  
Twenty-five hundred, yeah.

Terri looks the Cashier in the eyes.

GARY (CONT'D)

Right on schedule.

Terri takes out the CASH from her purse and places it on the  
desk.

TERRI

Yup.

Gary picks up the cash and starts counting it.

GARY

Every first Thursday, without fail.

Terri looks out the window.

Gary finishes counting and enters figures into a computer.

TERRI

How's my investments doing?

GARY

Doing OK considering the economic climate, but don't think about retiring just yet.

TERRI

If I could only get a real job, I wouldn't have to worry about that.

GARY

You'll never get rich working for other people. Have you thought about starting your own business.

TERRI

I kind of have my own business, but..

GARY

No I mean a legitimate business.

TERRI

What do I need to do that?

GARY

A bunch more capital.

TERRI

Ok I see. Well then, back to work!

She exits the office.

INT. LOBBY OF TERRI'S BUILDING - LATER

The city sky is almost completely DARK now as Terri enters her apartment building.

She has a couple of shopping bags in her arms.

The Doorman opens the door for her.

DOORMAN

Good evening, Miss Terri.

TERRI

Hello, Mike. How's Sarah doing?

DOORMAN

She's doing great.

TERRI

The kids?

DOORMAN

Never better. I'm a walking ATM  
for their young heart's desire.

TERRI

That son of your's is gonna be a  
heart breaker.

DOORMAN

Takes after his old man.

TERRI

No offense, Mike, but you just  
ain't pretty.

DOORMAN

(good naturedly)  
Sssh, don't tell my wife, she  
thinks I look like Eric Roberts.

Terri CHUCKLES as she places a twenty DOLLAR BILL in his  
white-gloved hand.

TERRI

Always appreciate you keeping an  
eye out on things, Mike.

He TIPS his hat and pockets the money.

DOORMAN

I live to see you happy, Miss  
Terri.

Terri makes her way over to a wall of MAILBOXES in the lobby.

The elevator doors open and a man exits from them.

Terri stops at one of the mailboxes and slides her key into  
it.

The man, THOMAS, spots her and approaches.

THOMAS

Excuse me. Do you live in apartment  
5D?

Terri is taken somewhat aback.

TERRI

Yes. Have we met?

THOMAS

No. Actually, I live in apartment  
4D. Right below you.

TERRI

Oh. Well --

THOMAS

Last Wednesday, around midnight, I  
was awakened by an alarming noise.

TERRI

Noise?

THOMAS

Yes. It was coming from your  
apartment. And it's not the first  
time. It was late and I have to get  
up early for work.

Terri does her best to put on a SMILE.

TERRI

I understand.

THOMAS

(patronizing)  
Some folks have to work for a  
living. You know what I mean?

TERRI

Excuse me? I'm afraid I don't.

The Mike the Doorman, ever loyal to Terri, has been watching  
the interaction and interjects.

DOORMAN

Is there a problem?

TERRI

(sweetly)  
No, Mike. Everything's fine.

The Mike turns away and stops listening in.

Terri turns her attention back to Thomas.

TERRI (CONT'D)

I never got your name.

THOMAS

It's Thomas.

TERRI  
Thomas. I am Miss Terri.

She holds out her hand and Thomas SHAKES it. She squeezes and doesn't let go.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
(quiet - stern)  
Now, What I do and how I live is my  
business.

She moves uncomfortably close into his space, penetrating his comfort zone.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
I am sorry that I disturbed you and  
I will try my best not to bother  
you with any more loud noises.

Thomas GULPS as his eyes look Terri up and down.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
So, we can be nice friendly  
neighbors?

She never blinks or takes her eyes off of him. He listens intently as if in a hypnotic spell.

THOMAS  
(submissive)  
Okay.

She holds her tight GRASP of his hand.

TERRI  
Okay?

THOMAS  
Okay, Miss Terri.

Terri SMILES and releases his hand.

Her sweet voice returns.

TERRI  
Excellent.

Thomas's face is frozen.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Now, you have a good evening,  
Thomas.

THOMAS  
Yes, and you, too.

Thomas HURRIES for the exit.

The Doorman opens the door for him and TIPS his hat.

DOORMAN  
Evening, Sir.

He watches Thomas exit in silence and a GRIN forms on his face.

INT. TERRI'S APARTMENT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Elevator doors open and Terri exits still holding her bags.

Directly across from the elevators is apartment 5D, Terri's apartment.

There, sitting on the ground, propped up against the door is a SLEEPING Pamela.

Terri spots her and drops one of the bags.

TERRI  
Oh. Lord.

INT. TERRI'S KITCHEN - LATER

Terri places a mug of steaming coffee in front of Pamela, who sits at the very same kitchen table she sat at that morning.

PAMELA  
Thanks.

TERRI  
So, you left your purse there?

PAMELA  
Yeah. All my money was in it. I don't have no more.

Terri takes a seat across from Pamela, a coffee of her own in her hands.

TERRI  
And this was the first place you thought to come?

PAMELA  
Where else I gonna go?

TERRI  
How about home to your family for starters?

PAMELA  
(beat, softly, vulnerable)  
I don't got family.

TERRI  
(beat)  
Yeah ... well I know that feeling.  
My shit-ass family is either dead  
or in jail.  
(beat)  
No relatives either?

PAMELA  
(distressed)  
I ain't got nobody, okay! Man this  
is fucked. What if I killed him?

She starts to cry.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Please ... let me stay. I know I'm  
a fuck-up, but I'm trying to work  
on that.

Terri gives a little, but it still is a struggle ... just a little.

TERRI  
Jesus. I didn't sign up for this  
kind of bullshit.

She looks over at Pamela, a poor waif.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
I see so much of myself in you  
girlfriend.  
(beat, pointing her finger  
sternly)  
I want you off the drugs. I ain't  
putting up with no skank addict in  
my place. I'm dealing with my own  
problems, too.

PAMELA  
Okay.

She goes over to Terri and hugs her.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Thank you so much, I really  
appreciate this.

TERRI  
(relenting a bit)  
Okay...

With this, the sound of the KEY in the lock. Derrick enters through the front door to find Terri and Pamela embracing on the sofa.

He looks up and STOPS when he sees them.

She jumps up, rushes over to him and EMBRACES him. His expression is one of bewilderment.

Terri looks up him.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
We got ourselves a room mate.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - DAY

The city is no longer blanketed in SMOG. Instead it is SUNNY and beautiful. People still crowd the streets, going to and fro.

SUPRA:                   **"SIX MONTHS LATER"**

**BEGIN MONTAGE:**

NINA SIMONE SINGS "HERE COMES THE SUN"

INT. TERRI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Terri, dressed in her DOMINATRIX outfit, opens the door to a CLIENT (#3). She SMILES and motions for him to come in, which he hesitantly does.

INT. CLIENT #4'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An older man, a handsome Harrison Ford type, hands Derrick a large sum of money. Derrick turns, and puts his hands together, Shanti-style.

He takes a breath - another role he must play and like any good actor - he prepares through a breathing exercise.

INT. CLIENT #4'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Derrick and the same Client are on the bed together.

INT. TERRI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Terri takes a credit card from Client #3, who looks around nervously.

She slides the card through a HAND HELD CREDIT CARD machine.

INSERT: The tiny screen on the machine blinks "DECLINED"

INT. TERRI'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Terri PUSHES Client #3 out the front door of the apartment while mouthing obscenities.

TERRI

Poor-assed motherfucker. Pay your damn bills, loser. Only way you gonna see my action is cash up front. Fucking loser.

She SNATCHES his coat off the table and throws it in his face.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Suck my fat Mandingo dick, prick.

CLIENT #3

Can I do that for free, Mistress Terri?

TERRI

You wish, bitch.

She SLAMS the door in his face.

INT. MARCUS CARRIER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A wall full of TROPHIES and AWARDS. One reads: "2009 ROOKIE OF THE YEAR: MARCUS CARRIER"

Along the wall are also numerous framed NEWSPAPER ARTICLES. One is the cover of the NEW YORK TIMES. It reads: "CARRIER CARRIES THE YANKS TO VICTORY."

CARRIER, 40s, a big fit guy, stands in his briefs with his hands tied and his legs spread. Pamela, wearing high heels, KICKS him hard in the crotch. He does his best not to flinch.

INT. TERRI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Terri, once again dressed in her DOMINATRIX OUTFIT, opens the door for another client.

This man has greying hair and wears an expensive suit, a tiny AMERICAN FLAG PIN adorns it. This is SENATOR BENTLY.

Terri SMILES and again motions for her client to enter.

He nods and obliges.

**END MONTAGE.**

INT. SHOPPING CENTER - DAY

A high end shopping center is home to an expensive jewelry store.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - SAME

Pamela and another woman, SASHA, 42, attractive, blonde, long legs, look at gold necklaces in a display case.

PAMELA

Don't get one too tight, it'll look like the neckline on a Barbie.

SASHA

Girl, you sayin I look plastic?

PAMELA

I just sayin, your boobs get any bigger you'll be knocking over table lamps.

SASHA

You ain't one to talk. You look like you weighin' less than one of my ladies.

Sasha grabs her breasts, her "ladies".

A SALES GIRL behind the counter waits attentively and smiles at the two women, trying not to react to their conversation.

SASHA (CONT'D)  
I see you still skippin' dessert  
and headin' straight for the after-  
dinner purge.

Pamela ignores her and points to a beautiful gold necklace.

PAMELA  
(to Sales Girl)  
Let me see that one.

SALES GIRL  
Of course.

The Sales Girl reaches behind the glass and carefully picks up the necklace Pamela indicated.

SASHA  
Oooo.

The Sales Girl hands it to Pamela, who puts it around her neck. Pamela glances in the MIRROR on the counter and then faces Sasha.

PAMELA  
Yeah?

SASHA  
Definitely.

PAMELA  
(to Sales Girl)  
This one.

Pamela hands a credit card to the Sales Girl.

SALES GIRL  
Great choice.

The Sales Girl takes the card over to a register.

SASHA  
Tranny Terri must be paying you  
good.

Pamela examines her purchase in the mirror, posing for herself.

SASHA (CONT'D)  
I'd love to get some of that  
action. Too bad she's a crazy  
bitch.

PAMELA  
She hates you, too.

SASHA  
Fuck his hermaphro-ass.

Pamela LAUGHS.

PAMELA  
She's not that bad. And she kinda  
saved my ass.

SASHA  
Whatever. Hey...

Pamela turns toward Sasha.

Sasha SNIFFS.

SASHA (CONT'D)  
How about a refill?

Pamela GRINS.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - MOMENTS LATER

Sasha and Pamela stand cramped inside a bathroom stall.

Sasha leans down and does a line of COCAINE straight off the porcelain top on the toilet. She tilts her head back afterward and SCRATCHES at her nose.

Pamela follows suit. She leans down to do a line, the new necklace DANGLING as she does so.

SASHA  
What she got you doing?

PAMELA  
Just some crazy fucks.

SASHA  
Crazy fucks?

Sasha cuts two more lines.

PAMELA  
Ya know, kinky shit. Spanking,  
assfucking, pissin.

SASHA  
Gross. Pissin?

Sasha LAUGHS hard.

SASHA (CONT'D)  
 Look if you gotta deal with the  
 freaks you need somethin' on you.

Sasha reaches into her purse and pulls out a GUN, a .38  
 Police special.

PAMELA  
 What the fuck?

SASHA  
 Calm down. This guy Jerry gives one  
 to all the girls. He helps me out  
 sometimes. Gave me the coke, too.

PAMELA  
 You use it?

SASHA  
 Not yet.  
 (beat)  
 Here.

Sasha hands Pamela the gun and she holds it awkwardly in her  
 hand, feeling the weight of it.

SASHA (CONT'D)  
 Jerry's got more. You may need it.

Sasha LAUGHS again.

SASHA (CONT'D)  
 One of those fuckers will probably  
 have you stick it in his ass or  
 some shit.

Pamela looks down at the gun in her hands before she drops it  
 in her purse.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Terri sits at a two-person table in a coffee shop. Her eyes  
 are fixed on a TELEVISION just above the counter.

A man wearing a button-up and a blazer enters the coffee  
 shop. He's about the same age as Terri, but much less  
 interesting looking. His name is GARY.

Gary spots Terri sitting at a table and makes his way over to  
 her.

GARY

Terri.

She turns towards him as he takes a seat at the table.

TERRI

You want anything, Gary? On me.

GARY

I'm fine.

Terri motions over to the TV. Gary looks.

ON THE TV: Senator Bently, who arrived at Terri's door during the montage, is on the screen at a podium. Under his face it reads "SENATOR BENTLY GIVES PRESS CONFERENCE."

TERRI

After what I did to his ass, it's amazing he can keep a straight face.

SENATOR BENTLY (ON TV)

The current state of the economy is evidence enough...

The Senator's face tightens as he gives off a suppressed GRUNT.

SENATOR BENTLY (ON TV) (CONT'D)

...Excuse me.

(beat)

Is evidence that the Bill is working.

Gary looks unamused.

GARY

Terri.

She's still focused on the TV. She lets out a loud LAUGH.

TERRI

Look at him squirm.

Gary gets a little louder.

GARY

(impatient)

Terri.

She finally turns her attention back Gary as her LAUGH tapers off.

TERRI  
It was red as a tomato.

GARY  
(even more impatient)  
What do you want?

TERRI  
How do you know I want something?

GARY  
You don't just hand money to an  
investment banker for five years  
and then call him up out of the  
blue for a random chat.

Terri takes a sip of her coffee.

TERRI  
Okay, you got me. I'm taking your  
advice, I want to start a business.

GARY  
Okay, good, what kind of business?

TERRI  
I want to open a Pinkberry.

GARY  
What's a Pinkberry?

Terri furrows her brow.

TERRI  
Dumbass, "What's a Pinkberry"?!  
Pinkberry is only the crack-cocaine  
of the dairy world.

GARY  
My wife's diabetic.

TERRI  
Well then she can get her skinny  
ass over to Subway.

GARY  
(annoyed)  
Do you want my advice?

TERRI  
I want my money.

GARY

I'll get you the figures, but I can tell you right now between expenses and the lease it probably won't be enough.

Terri leans back in her chair.

TERRI

So, what?

GARY

So you might need a loan. A bigger one than my bank can give you.

TERRI

Goddamn.

GARY

And to get it you'll probably have to get a master's degree. They don't just hand them out to anybody.

TERRI

I don't want to go back to business school?

Terri takes another sip of her coffee.

TERRI (CONT'D)

I'm one of the most successful entrepreneurs in this city and I'm gonna have to sit in a classroom and listen to some pinhead talk about macroeconomics and shit.

GARY

If you want a business loan, they need something on paper. Something tangible. And if you open your Pink-whatever, they look at records. So all the money has to be legit.

The sound of a cell phone VIBRATING.

Gary takes his cell out of his pocket and looks at it.

GARY (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

Gary stands up from the table and pushes his chair in.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I'll email you the info.

Terri turns back to the TV, where Senator Bently is finishing up his press conference.

SENATOR BENTLY (ON TV)  
Thank you.

ON THE TV: Camera's FLASH pictures of the Senator as he LIMPS away from the podium.

INT. STUDIO CLASSROOM - DAY

Derrick is up in front of a crowd of other ACTORS, each with an open notebook on his or her lap. He is shirtless and is cradling a young woman, STACEY, in his arms.

Stacey is an average-looking brunette with innocent eyes. She's pretty in a plain way, like a younger Tina Fey. Her hair is up in a bun and she wears little make-up.

DERRICK  
(in character as Tyler)  
Angela you drive me crazy. You've gotten under my skin.

STACEY  
(timid)  
Call me Angie. Mrs...

I bald man with a goatee stands nearby watching. This is the DIRECTOR. He interrupts.

DIRECTOR  
Cut! Derrick, that's all wrong. I want to feel danger from you. Real jeopardy. She'd be attracted to the danger...

The Director makes FLAPPING hand motions, like some kind of dying swan.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
...like a moth to a flame.  
(beat)  
Let's take it from the top. Ack --

DERRICK  
I'm trying to internalize the rage -

DIRECTOR  
Trying and failing. It's not  
reading at all. Once again,  
please.

DERRICK  
(in character to the girl)  
Angela, you drive me crazy. You've  
gotten under my skin --

The Director GRIMACES and cuts him off.

DIRECTOR  
Okay, Derrick. I said danger.  
Menace. Homicidal menace. Murder.  
Right now the only danger I'm  
feeling is that you're murdering my  
scene.

The audience laughs. The Director PACES frantically around  
the stage as the Audience takes notes.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
You can't judge the character.  
That's rule one of acting. She's  
stronger than you think, Derrick.  
She's a cobra. She's an animal.  
And you're a predator who  
recognizes his match.

Derrick looks overwhelmed. Stacy whispers to him.

STACEY  
(whispering)  
Yell at me if you want.

Derrick considers this. This somehow makes sense. He smiles  
at her. The Director CHIMES IN.

DIRECTOR  
Okay?

Derrick considers Stacey again, then to the director.

DERRICK  
Yes.

DIRECTOR  
Good. Action.

Derrick delivers his line, and he's very good, as he snarls  
and fairly spits at Stacy.

DERRICK

Angela you drive me crazy. You've gotten under my skin.

Stacey's responds in kind, and now in character.

STACEY

Call me Angie. Mrs. Angela Perkins is dead. She died the second you walked into my life.

DERRICK

(in character)

Damn it. Right now is all that matters. It's you, me, and a six shooter.

(a rage-filled scream)

Are you with me?

The Audience GIGGLES. The Director turns to them.

DIRECTOR

Shhhh.

STACEY

(in character)

I'll follow you anywhere, Tyler. Anywhere away from here. You just promise one thing.

Derrick turns his face away.

DERRICK

(in character, barely a whisper - it's Brando)

I don't make promises. I just end up breaking them.

Stacey looks off into the distance.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

(in character)

I'm broken. I've been broken for a long time. Death lives in me, and around me.

Derrick really gets into it.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

(in character)

I don't know if that'll ever change.

(MORE)

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
But I know I want you, lady. It's  
the first thing I've known for sure  
in a very long time.

Derrick pulls her in TIGHT to his body.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
(in character)  
And now I'm going to prove it.

The two engage in a KISS.

DIRECTOR  
Cut. Better.

The Audience responds with half-hearted APPLAUSE.

INT. MOONSHADOWS BAR - LATER

Stacey GULPS down on a large glass of BEER.

Derrick sits next to her at a bar, his beer mostly full in  
front of him.

She finishes her giant sip and places the half-empty glass  
down on a coaster.

DERRICK  
That was brutal.

Stacy LAUGHS.

STACEY  
Brutal is an understatement. I  
think aside from prison sex or a  
cardiac event, I can't think of  
anything more painful than his  
directing.

He chuckles at this

DERRICK  
Well, I'm glad you let me buy you a  
drink. Thanks for being so patient.

STACEY  
(tipsy)  
I've been waiting for someone in  
the class to ask me for a drink.

DERRICK  
What you told me really helped.

STACEY  
You think so?

DERRICK  
No doubt. You awakened my inner  
savage

She SMILES at him. She then WAVES DOWN the Bartender.

STACEY  
Two more. These next ones are on  
me.

DERRICK  
But it doesn't help that our  
teacher wrote the script.

Stacey rolls her eyes.

STACEY  
Oh God, right? That speech...

She makes a FART NOISE with her mouth. Derrick LAUGHS.

STACEY (CONT'D)  
So how long have you been in his  
class?

DERRICK  
A few months. My agent recommended  
awhile back that I continue to stay  
sharp with the craft. Believe it or  
not, I do have an agent.

STACEY  
Jealous. But you're really good.  
Still, an agent is hard to get.  
How did you wrangle that?

Derrick looks at her for a BEAT.

DERRICK  
Just...lucky.

STACEY  
I'll say. I left home to pursue my -

Stacey does AIR QUOTES.

STACEY (CONT'D)  
"Dream" with nothing to show for it  
except a one room apartment and a  
job at Sears.

(MORE)

STACEY (CONT'D)

(beat)

What do you do?

DERRICK

I'm a male prostitute. I perform every kind of foul sexual deed on the planet, for a price.

STACEY

Funny. No, really, what do you do for money?

Derrick HESITATES.

DERRICK

I --

Derrick is saved by the bell as his PHONE rings and he quickly answers it.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

(to Stacey)

Excuse me.

(to phone)

Hello?

INTERCUT:

INT. MOON SHADOWS BAR/INT. TERRI'S APARTMENT

Intercut between Terri and Derrick.

Terri sits at a desk in her apartment, looking at her computer screen. She has her phone up to her ear.

TERRI

It's your lucky day, Mr. De Niro. I got you a date.

DERRICK

(whispering into the phone)

I'm kind of already on one.

Stacey doesn't hear. She is watching the TV above the bar. On it, is a YANKEES game.

ON TV: Marcus Carrier is at bat for the Yankees. He's the player Pamela KICKED in the balls during the montage. He calls TIME-OUT as he readjusts his pinstriped CROTCH.

TERRI

Not like this. It's a couple. Your heterosexual ass better celebrate 'cause, get this, you only have to do the wife.

DERRICK

Really?

Derrick glances at Stacey and offers an APOLOGETIC SMILE.

TERRI

And now for the cherry. They're into role-playing. Boy, I'm gettin you more gigs than your sorry-ass agent.

DERRICK

Alright, text the address.

Derrick HANGS UP and turns back to Stacey.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

STACEY

(disappointed)  
Really? Oh.

DERRICK

I'm sorry. It's my Aunt. She's moving. I have to help her pack some things.

Derrick stands up and slips on his jacket.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

But I'll see you in class, right?

Stacey SMILES.

STACEY

I'll be there.

Derrick backs his way toward the exit.

DERRICK

Alright, I'll see you later.

He exits.

Stacey downs the rest of her BEER.

## INT. COUPLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A very clean-cut white-bread couple, early 40s, sit in chairs across from Derrick, who's plopped down in the middle of a clean white sofa. The HUSBAND is dressed in a collared shirt and his WIFE in khaki capris and a nice floral blouse. The apartment is modest but well-decorated to compensate for the lack of luxury. All three parties are silent for a few seconds until the Husband speaks.

HUSBAND

So Miss Terri said you can accommodate more...unorthodox requests.

DERRICK

That's our specialty.

The Husband and Wife share a glance, unsure of whether to continue.

HUSBAND

Can you be aggressive?

DERRICK

I can be a bull on crystal meth if you want.

The Wife forms a shaky SMILE.

HUSBAND

What we want is for you to go outside. For maybe, ten minutes.

The Wife picks up a brown paper BAG and places it on the small coffee table in front of Derrick.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

(re: bag)

Take that with you.

Derrick picks up the bag and peeks inside. DERRICK'S POV: Inside the bag is ROPE, two pieces, and two RAGS tied in the shape of loops.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

My wife will be pretending to sleep on the couch and I'll be reading in this chair.

INT. COUPLE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The scene the Husband just described is now set. He's reading in the chair and she appears asleep on the couch.

HUSBAND (V.O.)  
That's when you come in.

EXT. COUPLE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Derrick is doing is preparatory acting breathing and practicing a speech exercise.

DERRICK  
He thrusts his fists against the posts, and still insists he sees the ghosts. He thrusts his fists against the posts, and still --

With this, Derrick BARGES in the door holding the ROPE and RAGS.

INT. COUPLE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS AGO

The couple and Derrick are still conversing.

HUSBAND (V.O.)  
I want you to tie me up. And gag me.

INT. COUPLE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Derrick performs this instruction. The Husband half-heartedly resists while Derrick TIES his arms together behind the chair and GAGS him with one of the rags.

INT. COUPLE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS AGO

Back to their previous conversation.

HUSBAND (V.O.)  
Then I want you to make me watch as you violate my wife.

INT. COUPLE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The Husband, bound to the chair, has a clear view of Derrick and his Wife. The Wife is also GAGGED and her hands TIED behind her. Her blouse is half TORN to reveal a plain white bra. Her capris are down around her ankles as she's on her knees, her face down against the hardwood floor.

HUSBAND (V.O.)  
I will yell for you to stop.

The Husband attempts and fails to free himself.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)  
(muffled)  
NO!

INT. COUPLE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS AGO

The Wife interjects into the conversation. She looks Derrick right in the eyes.

WIFE  
But don't. And talk filth, okay?

Derrick returns her stare.

DERRICK  
Gonna fuck you up, bitch.

WIFE  
(in character)  
Oh, please, no more.

DERRICK  
I'm gonna Walk Your Plank like fuckin' Johnny Depp does in that pirate movie to the British.

WIFE  
(wailing in commingled pain and pleasure)  
Aw, fuckin' A!

INT. COUPLE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Derrick continues with the Wife while the Husband watches and SQUIRMS in his chair.

HUSBAND  
(muffled)  
NO! NO!

DERRICK  
(still in villain  
character)  
YES, YES, Motherfucker. Last time  
I fucked a pig-bitch like this, it  
was a thing grazing in a pasture  
with a bell around its fuckin'  
neck.

HUSBAND  
No more, you monster!

DERRICK  
I never knew fucking could feel  
this good. Does your bitch use  
Crisco or somethin'? She's as  
smooth as a baby's balls.

HUSBAND  
Oh, God.

DERRICK  
God ain't here, fucker.

The Wife looks up at her Husband, TEARS forming in her eyes  
as Derrick goes HARDER.

The Husband STRUGGLES more now, almost genuinely trying to  
get free. The legs of the chair SCREECH and KNOCK against the  
wooden floor, scuffing it.

The Wife MOANS and CRIES OUT, but can't make much noise  
through the gag.

The Husband's muffled objections are loud and sound like the  
final screams of a dying animal. TEARS now also flow down his  
cheeks.

Derrick looks at the Husband's face, the situation feeling  
all too real.

He ABRUPTLY STOPS.

INT. COUPLE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS AGO

Their initial conversation.

HUSBAND (V.O.)

And when you finish with her, you  
can take the money I owe you from  
my wallet and you're free to go.

INT. COUPLE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The Wife, still half naked, lies on the floor. Derrick  
finishes putting his pants back on.

The Husband is still tied up and doesn't even seem to notice  
when Derrick REACHES INTO HIS BACK POCKET and pulls out the  
money.

The Husband's eyes, red and weak from the tears, are only  
focused on his Wife.

Derrick pockets the cash and doesn't look back as he leaves  
the apartment and SHUTS the door behind him.

The Husband looks to his wife and grins.

HUSBAND

Wow. He's good.

WIFE

Yeah. He's a keeper.

She smiles lasciviously.

INT. TERRI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Terri sits at her computer.

The sound of the DOOR HANDLE turning. Terri looks over at the  
door to see who's about to enter.

But the door doesn't open, the knob just keeps making NOISE.

Finally, Terri gets up and crosses to the door. She opens it  
to find Pamela, leaning up against the door frame barely able  
to stand.

PAMELA

Why you locking the door?

She is clearly DRUNK and HIGH, struggling to form sentences.

TERRI

That shit wasn't locked.

Pamela STUMBLES into the apartment.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Where the fuck were you? I've been  
calling. You got a date.

Pamela walks over to the fridge and opens it.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Exactly how much coke went up your  
nose tonight?

PAMELA  
(defensive)  
I wasn't snorting coke, Mother  
Terri.

TERRI  
Let me guess, you were just  
smelling it. Girl, there's a  
fucking white spot under your nose.

Pamela looks up at her to reveal that there is a sizable  
WHITE SPOT under her nose, almost like a milk mustache.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
You look like a hundred pounds of  
condemned liver.

Pamela searches inside the fridge and snatches a BOTTLE OF  
WHITE WINE.

Terri walks over and GRABS it swiftly out of her hands.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Oh, hell no! Where the fuck were  
you?

PAMELA  
(slurring)  
Reeelax. I went shopping with  
Sasha.

TERRI  
Skank-ass Sasha? No wonder you're  
all wasted and shit.

PAMELA  
She's my friend.

TERRI

Last time you hung out with her,  
you threw up on my couch for three  
fucking days.

PAMELA

I was sick.

TERRI

You're goddamn right you were sick.  
That girl's the Plague. And I don't  
want you hanging out with the  
fucking Plague.

(beat)

Come on.

Terri grabs her by the arm hard and DRAGS her out of the  
kitchen.

PAMELA

Bitch, let go.

Pamela is too fucked up to fight back.

Terri PULLS her across the living room.

TERRI

You got a date in an hour.

PAMELA

I don't wanna go.

TERRI

And I don't wanna send you. But  
they asked for a girl and last I  
checked I have a giant cock in  
between my legs.

(beat)

And I checked five minutes ago. So  
get your shit together and get the  
fuck going.

With that, Terri guides Pamela into the bathroom. Pamela  
flips her off and SLAMS the bathroom door.

Terri shakes her head.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Goddamn girl.

INT. DAWN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pamela is CLEANED UP and wearing a provocative dress and has a PURSE dangling from her shoulder. She arrives at an apartment door to find it AJAR.

She KNOCKS quietly on the door while pushing it open.

Inside, the apartment is a mess. Empty BOTTLES of alcohol litter counter-tops.

On a coffee table, there are a few SYRINGES and PIPES. Pamela spots the only person in the room. It's CHRISTI, one of the girls Dawn dropped off before the car accident.

PAMELA

Christi?

Pamela hurries over to her and takes a seat next to her on the couch.

Christi, is pale and unresponsive. She doesn't even seem to notice Pamela's presence.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing here?

DAWN (O.S.)

Well, look who we have here.

With this, DAWN enters from the open door of a bedroom. Her face is badly SCARRED.

PAMELA

Oh shit!

Pamela JUMPS UP from the couch and BOLTS for the door but Dawn is in her path and, with a single forceful hand, SHOVES her back towards the living room.

Pamela STUMBLES and almost trips over the coffee table.

DAWN

That no way to be treatin' a old friend. Come in my house and disrespect. Who you trippin'?

PAMELA

Fuck you.

Dawn INCHES toward her, a GRIN on her face.

DAWN

Ah-ah.

Christi has PASSED OUT of the couch.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Imagine my surprise, wakin' up in  
the fuckin' hospital, some cop  
slappin' cuffs on me and sayin  
something about coke and reading my  
rights and shit.

(feigning hurt)

And my best baby girl ain't nowhere  
to be found.

Pamela backs away from the approaching Dawn and CLUTCHES her  
purse.

PAMELA

Your ass was askin' for it, bitch.

Dawn STRIKES Pamela hard across the face and she falls to the  
floor.

DAWN

(yelling)

I did six fuckin' months. Then I  
get out and hear you rollin' with a  
tranny?! I ain't gonna let that  
shit go easy.

Pamela reaches into her purse and pulls out her GUN. She  
points it straight at Dawn who steps back.

PAMELA

(screaming)

Back the fuck off, get away.

Dawn obeys.

DAWN

Whoa, girl, don't be playin' all  
stupid.

PAMELA

Shut the fuck up!

Pamela doesn't take her aim off Dawn as she gets to her feet.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Get against the wall.

Dawn backs up against the wall.

Pamela slowly makes her way toward the EXIT.

DAWN  
You a dead bitch.

Pamela shoots Dawn in the thigh. Dawn screams, and goes down hard.

PAMELA  
You come after me again, bitch, and  
it's you who's dead.

Pamela never takes the gun off Dawn as she gets to the door and LEAVES in a flash, the door SLAMMING behind her.

INT. TERRI'S DOMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Terri straightens up. She's hangs her cat o' nine tails on a hook in a closet. OFF-SCREEN the sound of the front door opening and SLAMMING SHUT. Terri hears it and heads toward the living room.

INT. TERRI'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Terri enters the living room to find Pamela having just entered the apartment.

TERRI  
What are you doing back?

Pamela looks at her with TEARS in her eyes. Pamela CHARGES at Terri, her arms flailing.

PAMELA  
(screaming)  
Fuck you.

Pamela attempts to CLAW at Terri's chest but Terri, being about twice her size, GRABS both her arms and restrains her.

TERRI  
What the fuck is wrong with you?

Pamela completely BREAKS DOWN in Terri's arms.

PAMELA  
(crying)  
It was Dawn. You fucking sent me to Dawn.

Terri, with a worried expression, EMBRACES Pamela, who completely collapses in her large arms.

TERRI  
Aw, baby.

PAMELA  
I trusted you. Only person I ever  
trusted, and I got fucked.

Terri has nothing to say.

INT. TERRI'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Terri and Pamela sit together on the couch.

TERRI  
I didn't know.

PAMELA  
(sarcastic, but not harsh)  
That makes me feel a lot better.  
(beat, curious)  
Don't you do background checks or  
something?

TERRI  
If I did that we wouldn't have any  
clients.

A moment of collective silence.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry I made you go.

PAMELA  
I should have fuckin' killed her.

TERRI  
How?

Pamela reaches into her purse and produces the GUN.

Terri JUMPS back.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Girl, where the fuck did you get  
that?

PAMELA  
Sasha.

TERRI

Big surprise. Here, give me that.

Pamela hands the gun over to Terri, who empties the bullets out and places it down on the coffee table.

TERRI (CONT'D)

You have to stop it with that shit.  
That girl is nothing but trouble.

PAMELA

Why you always hatin' on her? She's cool. And she doesn't fucking judge me.

Terri looks her in the face.

TERRI

I'm sorry, Pamela, I know this all seems upside down. But this ain't your old life. It can be different here.

PAMELA

It sure feels pretty damn familiar.

TERRI

Let's make a deal, okay? If you can clean up -- no drugs, no booze, no bullshit -- I promise to do right by you, Girl.

Pamela looks Terri in the eyes.

PAMELA

What does that mean?

TERRI

It means I won't send you to no more homicidal dykes.

Pamela LAUGHS.

TERRI (CONT'D)

And I'll make sure you're safe.

Terri places a hand on Pamela's knee. Pamela looks at Terri's large fingers resting calmly on her knee. Then reaches out tentatively and touches Terri's hand. She offers Terri a small smile.

PAMELA

Okay.

The two share another moment of SILENCE.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Derrick, dressed in casual attire, walks down a mostly empty city street.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his CELL-PHONE. He flips it open and presses a button.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY/INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - SAME

Richard sits at his desk when his phone RINGS. He presses a button on the bluetooth in his ear.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION BETWEEN DERRICK AND RICHARD

RICHARD  
Yeah?

DERRICK  
Richard.

Richard GRIMACES.

RICHARD  
Derrick. How you doing?

DERRICK  
I need a part. Now. You have to find me something.

RICHARD  
Funny you should say that. I was just about to call you.

Richard SHUFFLES through some papers on his desk.

DERRICK  
Give me it, Richard.

Richard chooses a paper.

RICHARD  
How does a part in the new Nolan movie sound?

DERRICK  
(skeptical)  
You can get me a role in a Christopher Nolan movie?

RICHARD

It's perfect for you. I got you an audition. Can you get there by one?

DERRICK

That's two hours. Just when were you planning on calling me?

RICHARD

(defensive)

Look, I have lots of clients dying for this role so do you want it or not?

DERRICK

Alright, what's the address?

INT. CASTING OFFICE - DAY

DERRICK enters a small casting office and makes his way past a row of seated ACTORS, all black and all studying sheets of paper. He makes it to the front desk where an AUDITION MONITOR waits.

DERRICK

Where do I sign in?

AUDITION MONITOR

Picture and Resume.

DERRICK

Oh shit. I think my Agent already sent it over.

The Monitor looks through his stack of photos.

AUDITION MONITOR

Nope. Name?

DERRICK

(he pauses)

...Eric.

The Monitor looks up and down his list.

AUDITION MONITOR

Eric...Daniels?

DERRICK

Yes. Prism Agency.

He checks the name off the list.

AUDITION MONITOR

Richard called you in. No picture or resume. Typical. Sign-in sheet and sides are right over there.

The Monitor points to a clipboard and stack of papers on a small table.

AUDITION MONITOR (CONT'D)

Have a seat. You're number 72.

The Monitor quickly SNAPS a Polaroid of Derrick and staples it to a rush-call sheet.

DERRICK

Thanks a lot.

The Monitor does not respond but glances down at a sheet in front of him and YELLS out the next number.

AUDITION MONITOR

Twenty-one!

One of the seated actors stands and makes his way into the next room.

Derrick takes one of the sides from the table and grabs the newly vacant seat. He looks at the name of the character on the sheet: "THUG #3". He frowns.

Derrick studies the side for a moment silently, along with all the other Actors. But he quickly breaks the silence.

DERRICK

(in character)

...Punk ass muthafucka! Give me all ya money.

Several Actors, along with the Monitor, look up at him startled. It was too real.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

(to the Actors)

Watchu lookin' at punk ass muthafuckas!

Derrick quickly SMILES.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Nah, I'm just playin'.

The actors all return to silently practicing. Derrick's cell phone RINGS. He looks at the front screen, clears his throat, and answers with a sexy vibrato

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
 (on the phone)  
 Hello this is Master Derrick.

INT. CASTING OFFICE - DAY/ INT. PAUL'S LOFT - SAME

PAUL is a handsome forty-something in a button-up and tie. He's got a phone to his ear as he lies on the bed.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION PAUL AND DERRICK

PAUL  
 Derrick, Paul. I'm feeling freaky,  
 you hot Stud. Can you get here ASAP  
 man?

DERRICK  
 Paul, to be honest, I'm at an  
 audition right now.

PAUL  
 I need it bad, Derrick.

DERRICK  
 Hold on a minute.

Derrick looks over at the CLOSED DOOR the last Actor walked through and then to a clock on the wall.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
 Okay. I can make it, but you gotta  
 pay double.

PAUL  
 Depends. You got a full bladder for  
 me?

DERRICK  
 Sure do.

PAUL  
 Then I'll pay whatever.

DERRICK  
 You still in that Loft in Hancock  
 Park?

PAUL

Yup.

DERRICK

I'll be there in thirty.

Derrick hangs up the phone and STANDS. He leaves his side on the chair as he heads for the exit. The last actor re-emerges from the other room. He SHAKES his head as he quickly exits.

AUDITION MONITOR

(yelling)

Twenty-two.

INT. TERRI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Terri, dressed in casual attire, sits at her computer. She examines the screen carefully, SQUINTING with purpose.

INSERT: She's on the website for a fictional bank, FIRST LIBERTY BANK. At the bottom of the page it reads "SAVINGS:

\$108,000.00"

A KNOCK at the front door. Terri closes her laptop and gets up to answer the door.

She opens the door to reveal THOMAS from the apartment below.

TERRI

Oh great, it's you.

THOMAS

Am I interrupting?

Terri places a hand on her hip.

TERRI

Thomas, right? Look, those noises --

THOMAS

(interrupting)

That's not why I'm here.

TERRI

What is it now?

THOMAS

I just wanted to apologize. For the other night.

TERRI

Uh-huh.

Thomas has the look of a puppy that chewed up the sofa and was caught by its owner.

THOMAS

I didn't mean to offend you.

(beat)

Can I come in?

Terri backs up and reluctantly GESTURES for him to enter. He obliges.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Thank you.

(beat)

I think I just approached the situation all wrong.

TERRI

Well, thank you for admitting it.

THOMAS

I didn't mean to be...bad.

Terri hears this and SMILES at him.

TERRI

Do you drink wine?

INT. TERRI'S DOMINATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Terri is now dressed in her leather outfit.

She circles a long table. Tied to it, in his underwear, is Thomas. Manacles bind his legs and arms down.

Terri holds in her hand a lit CANDLE and speaks with her DOMINATRIX VOICE.

TERRI

You were very bad. And you made me very angry.

THOMAS

(fearful)

Yes.

TERRI

(angry)

Yes, what?!

THOMAS  
Yes. Mistress Terri!

Terri stops and takes a step towards the table.

TERRI  
What will you do next time you hear  
noises coming from my apartment?

THOMAS  
Nothing, Mistress Terri.

TERRI  
That's right, you'll shut up and  
take it like the little bitch you  
are.

Terri holding the burning CANDLE out over Thomas's chest, a  
pool of liquefied wax surrounds the wick.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Now, let's make some noises of our  
own.

With this, Terri tilts the candle and drops of red WAX fall  
and land right in the middle of Thomas's chest. He SCREAMS in  
agony.

INT. PAUL'S LOFT - DAY

Derrick starts undressing inside Paul's stylish loft.

Paul waits patiently on the bed.

PAUL  
You never told me you're an actor.

Derrick has made it down to his briefs.

DERRICK  
I don't like to discuss personal  
business with my clients.

PAUL  
Not even with casting directors?

Derrick stops and looks at him. A look of amazement painted  
across his face.

DERRICK  
Are you serious?

Paul playfully rolls over on his side and sits up on the bed.

PAUL  
Well, I don't like to discuss...

TOGETHER  
..personal business with -

DERRICK  
Touche'.

Paul stands up and starts KISSING Derrick's neck. CLOSE ON:  
Paul's hand grabs Derrick's bulge tight.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
You know the rules.

PAUL  
Still five hundred?

Paul pulls out a handful of cash and places it on the bed side table. He resumes KISSING Derrick's neck and moves down to his chest. Derrick FORCES Paul down to his knees. Derrick raises his leg and shoves his FOOT in Paul's face.

DERRICK  
(authoritative)  
Suck them.

Paul starts sucking on Derrick's toes. After wetting each toe, Paul pulls them out of his mouth.

PAUL  
You any good?

DERRICK  
What?

PAUL  
Acting.

DERRICK  
Yeah, I think I'm good. What do you cast?

Paul has almost the entire foot in his mouth. He pulls it out in order to speak.

PAUL  
I used to do soaps. Now I'm doing cop shows.

DERRICK

Let me know if they need any  
serious actors.

Paul stops worshipping Derrick's feet. He gets to his feet and walks over to a leather bag. He pulls out a SCRIPT.

PAUL

(re: bed)

Take a seat.

Derrick takes a seat on the edge of the bed. Paul opens the script to a page and presents it to Derrick.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Read.

As Derrick examines the pages, Paul gets to his knees in front of Derrick and pulls off his underwear.

Derrick closes his eyes and utilizes his signature breathing exercises and vocal preparation.

DERRICK

Pee, Pa, Po, Pum. Pitaka, Potika,  
Pitika, Potika, Po.

PAUL

What the fuck is that?

DERRICK

Preparation. I'm method, through  
and through.

PAUL

Okay. My bad.

Derrick looks to the script now, as serious as a heart attack.

DERRICK

(in character)

The suspect only had access to one  
of the facilities.

OFF-SCREEN, Paul moans.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

(in character)

So to get into the warehouse, he  
either had to break-in or had  
someone helping on the inside.

(MORE)

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
(out of character)  
Deeper, you bitch.

PAUL (O.S.)  
(gargling)  
Keep going.

Derrick reads from the script.

Paul continues to moan.

DERRICK  
(in character)  
We'll need to send a squad down to the docks to do a sweep of the grounds and hope to God they find the missing girl's remains. Because if they don't this whole case will be lost at sea.

Paul stands and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
How was that?

PAUL  
Not bad. I can't promise anything but I can get you a formal audition.

DERRICK  
Oh man, thanks, Paul.

PAUL  
Anything for my Master.  
(beat)  
Now, I'm thirsty.

With this, Paul once again gets to his knees in front of Derrick. Derrick stands as Paul looks up at him.

EXT. A BUS STOP - DAY

Derrick gets off a bus. His cell phone rings. He answers.

DERRICK  
Hello?

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Richard sits at his desk, strangling his stress ball.

## INTERCUT CONVERSATION DERRICK AND RICHARD

RICHARD

(angry)

I can't deal with the shit anymore,  
Derrick! I just got my ass reamed.

DERRICK

Not the first time, right?

RICHARD

You signed in and split? Do you  
know how hard I worked to get you  
in there today? You were perfect  
for this part.

DERRICK

Perfect for Thug #3?

RICHARD

Find yourself a new fucking agent.  
Because I'm finished doing you any  
more fav --

Derrick hangs up mid-conversation. He smiles.

INT. CLIENT #5'S APARTMENT - DAY

MUS: PRINCE "DO ME BABY"

Pamela wears a tight leather tube top and short leather skirt.

A thin MAN with a goatee, Client #5, is on all-fours on the floor completely nude.

Pamela stands over him holding a PADDLE which has a line of coke on it.

She SNORTS the line off the paddle before using it to SPANK the Client.

INT. FIRST LIBERTY BANK - DAY

Terri sits in a cubicle with a BANKER in a suit behind a desk. They are in mid-conversation.

TERRI

Part of me thinks if I open one for  
myself I can eat there for free  
every day.

Terri LAUGHS.

The Banker can only manage an insincere CHUCKLE.

BANKER  
Well, Miss...

TERRI  
Deveau. But just call me Miss  
Terri.

BANKER  
It's Miss Terri?  
(beat)  
We don't lend to high-risk  
individuals. Otherwise, anyone off  
the street would be looking for an  
investment.

TERRI  
There's nothing "high-risk" about  
me.

BANKER  
Maybe not. But unfortunately,  
there's also nothing to prove  
otherwise.

TERRI  
I have experience running a  
business.

The Banker examines a piece of paper on the desk in front of  
him.

BANKER  
On the form, you wrote "freelance."  
Freelance what exactly?

TERRI  
...Construction.

BANKER  
Uh. Huh.  
(beat)  
Look, Miss Terri. I really can't  
help you out. The bank won't give a  
loan unless you have a proven  
business track record, backed up by  
company profit and loss reports and  
tax returns.

TERRI

I have money. I'll be able to pay  
it back.

The Banker LEANS IN and speaks quietly.

BANKER

We have no way of knowing just  
where that money came from.

Terri breaths slowly, trying to retain her composure.

TERRI

I earned it.

BANKER

And we wish you the best of luck in  
your investments.

The Banker forms a snide smile.

Terri stands and walks out of the cubicle.

TERRI

(sotto)

Jackass.

Terri's phone vibrates in her purse. She takes it out and  
reads a TEXT:

INSERT PHONE TEXT: "FROM DERRICK: I GOT GOOD NEWS. MEET AT  
MOONIES"

INT. MOONSHADOWS BAR - NIGHT

Terri and Derrick sit at a booth in the bar.

TERRI

You're telling me you actually  
auditioned for him with your cock  
in his mouth?

DERRICK

Nine inches of deep shaft.

Terri LAUGHS uncontrollably.

TERRI

That's probably how every audition  
goes in Hollywood.

DERRICK

He promised a second audition.

(beat)

Well, I guess a first real audition.

TERRI

It's happening. Boy, it is happening.

DERRICK

Don't get too excited. I'm not on any billboards yet.

(beat)

How did the meeting go?

Terri takes a sip of her drink, an Old-Fashioned.

TERRI

Good. I think they're gonna give me the loan.

DERRICK

That's awesome, Terri.

TERRI

Where's Pam?

DERRICK

I dunno. I texted her like two hours ago. She had a date, it must have run long.

With this, they spot Pamela making her way through the bar to their booth. She BUMPS into every person in the bar, trying to get through. She spots Derrick and Terri and rushes over to them.

PAMELA

Derrick, congrats!

Pamela slides into the booth on Derrick's side and throws her arms around him. Terri watches with a suspicious eye.

DERRICK

Thanks, Pam.

PAMELA

What did you guys order, did you order anything yet? I wanna buy a round, I wanna celebrate.

Pamela seems to spew out words without any thought.

TERRI  
You alright?

PAMELA  
I'm fuckin' fine. I'm just proud of  
Derrick. I'm just proud of him.

TERRI  
Are you high?

Pamela furrows her brow.

PAMELA  
Why the fuck are you always asking  
me that? Don't you trust me?

TERRI  
No.

DERRICK  
Terri, this isn't the time.

Terri looks at Derrick hard.

TERRI  
Don't protect her. She can speak  
for herself.

Pamela jumps out of the booth.

PAMELA  
You're right, I can speak for  
myself. And I say fuck you, you  
crazy bitch.

DERRICK  
Pamela, sit down.

PAMELA  
(to Terri)  
Want me to piss in a cup? Or should  
I just wait to do that for the  
fuckin' clients?

Terri remains calm.

TERRI  
Girl, you have no idea the shit  
I've done for you.

PAMELA  
Yeah? Well you can stop, because I  
didn't ask for any fuckin' favors.

Pamela STORMS OUT of the bar.

DERRICK  
That was smooth.

TERRI  
That girl's a fuckin' mess.

DERRICK  
And talking to her like that isn't gonna help. She's had a hard time. If you push she's just gonna push back.

TERRI  
I've given her plenty of chances.

Derrick looks at his watch.

DERRICK  
I got one more date tonight.

TERRI  
Not too many more of those left, huh?

Derrick gets up from the booth and slips on his jacket. He leans down and gives Terri a KISS on the cheek.

DERRICK  
It'll be okay.

TERRI  
I know.

Derrick leaves. Terri is alone. She finishes the last sip of her Old-Fashioned.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Pamela walks zig-zags down the street, neon signs from restaurants and bodegas bathe her in red and blue.

Her phone RINGS. She answers.

PAMELA  
What?

INTERCUT:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT/INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - SAME

Sasha is on the other end. She's in a beautiful apartment. OUT-OF-FOCUS behind her is a man with a ponytail sitting on a couch.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION PAMELA AND SASHA

SASHA

Hey, girl.

PAMELA

Sasha, I'm not in a good fuckin' mood.

SASHA

Well, I got something that'll cheer you up.

PAMELA

What?

SASHA

Remember that guy Jerry I was tellin' you about? The one with the really good stuff?

PAMELA

Yeah.

SASHA

He's looking to watch two girls. Maybe join in himself. I figure we used to do it back in the day. Easy.

(beat)

And he's payin' in powder. You up for it?

In the background, the man with the ponytail, JERRY, yells over.

JERRY

Tell her to hurry the fuck up. I'm horny.

Pamela can hear the man's voice.

PAMELA

Fuck it. Yeah. Where are you?

INT. CLIENT #6'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Derrick sits on a stiff sofa in a chic apartment. Almost everything in it is white. On the wall are abstract works of art that were no doubt over-paid for.

AN OLDER WOMAN, Client #6, walks up with two glasses of red wine and hands one to Derrick.

WOMAN

All I had was red.

The Woman takes a seat right next to Derrick on the sofa.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

But I think you'll like it. It's a '95 Chateau Margaux. About four hundred dollars a bottle.

The Woman watches Derrick's face and waits for a reaction. Derrick simply SIPS the wine, as he inspects the room with his eyes.

DERRICK

(neutral)

It's good.

The Woman SMILES.

WOMAN

My God, you are a beautiful man.

The Woman places a hand on Derrick's thigh and runs it up and down the muscle.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Should we go in the bedroom?

INT. CLIENT #6'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Both Derrick and the Woman are in bed. Derrick's face is one of detachment.

WOMAN

You are a God.

The Woman has a smile glued to her face.

The Woman leans her mouth close to Derrick's ear.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 Slap my cougar ass.

Derrick turns the Woman around doggie style and slaps her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Again.

Derrick SLAPS her again. The Woman smiles again.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Harder.

Derrick SLAPS her even harder across the ass.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Mmm. Now fuck me hard.

Derrick looks down at himself and groans.

DERRICK  
 Aw, hell.

WOMAN  
 Come on.

The Woman reaches around for Derrick's manhood. Feels it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 You trying to play pool with a  
 piece of rope?

DERRICK  
 This has never happened before...

The Woman sighs.

WOMAN  
 I want half the money back.

Derrick sighs.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sasha is on her back on a large bed. Jerry is having sex with her. She's MOANING loudly.

On Sasha's chest is a line of cocaine, leading from her bellybutton up to the valley in between her breasts.

Pamela leans down and does the line of coke off Sasha's chest. After she finishes snorting, she runs her TONGUE along the trail the coke left behind. As he does so, she looks up at Jerry with seductive eyes.

JERRY

Oh, fuck.

Pamela leans over and kisses Sasha on the lips. When Pamela pulls away she bites playfully on Sasha's lower lip.

The MOANS and SCREAMS of pleasure fill the apartment.

Pamela gets up and circles around behind Jerry.

She reaches around and runs her hand along the front of his chest while he THRUSTS in and out of Sasha, his ponytail dangling back and forth.

SASHA

(screaming)

Yes. Fuck, yes.

Pamela rests her chin on Jerry's shoulder and whispers in his ear.

PAMELA

(whispering)

I'm gonna get some more.

Pamela, completely nude, STRUTS out of the room, Jerry watching as she goes.

INT. JERRY'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pamela is alone in the bathroom.

She uses a spoon to scoop out a large amount of cocaine onto the linoleum counter-top.

She quickly forms it into a sloppy line then SNORTS it all. She scoops out more coke and repeats the process.

She tilts her head back after doing a second line and TEETERS with dizziness.

Her eyes widen as she hurries to turn around and proceeds to VOMIT a milky white liquid into the toilet.

She then COLLAPSES on the floor, her body CONVULSING.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Terri sprints down the sterile white hallway of a hospital. She reaches a small WAITING ROOM where Sasha sits alone, half-awake on a stiff plastic chair. Terri spots her.

TERRI

What the fuck did you do?

Sasha tries to hold her head up.

SASHA

Leave me alone.

TERRI

You stupid bitch. Where is she?

Sasha stands.

SASHA

I don't know. They have her somewhere. In there.

She points at some double-doors.

Terri gets in her face.

TERRI

You did this to her. I told her you were a fucking wreck but she didn't listen to me.

SASHA

Hey, I was just showin' her a good time. You're always fuckin' workin' her -- sending her to freaks makin' her do sick shit so you can make more fuckin' money.

Terri SLAPS Sasha across the face.

SASHA (CONT'D)

You fuckin' bitch.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Hey!

Terri and Sasha turn to see a DOCTOR has entered the waiting room.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
(to Terri)  
Miss, if you can't control  
yourself, security will remove you  
from the hospital.

TERRI  
Pamela Houston. Where is she?

The Doctor's voice gets soft.

DOCTOR  
I'm sorry. She didn't make it. She  
was in cardiac arrest when she got  
here.

Terri, without hesitation, LUNGES at Sasha and starts CHOKING her up against the wall. Veins bulge from Terri's large hands as they squeeze the life out of Sasha.

The Doctor bolts towards them.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
Nurse, call security!

The Doctor, after much effort, pries Terri from Sasha.

Sasha COUGHS and sucks in air. TEARS stream down Terri's cheeks, which are red with anger as she's held back by the Doctor.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Terri's eyes are full of hate as she GLARES at Sasha. A closed casket separates them. Sasha's neck is heavily BRUISED. She ignores Terri's piercing eyes.

Derrick sits next to Terri. Christi stands on the same side as Sasha.

A PRIEST stands at the foot of the casket. These are the only people at the funeral.

The priest makes the sign of the cross with his hand, BLESSING Pamela's body.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

Terri and Derrick sit in the same chairs, everyone else has left.

Terri's face is visibly wet from the tears she's shed but she's not crying anymore.

TERRI

I told that damn girl. But she was stubborn as shit.

DERRICK

That's what I liked about her. She sure as hell wasn't afraid of you.

A short SILENCE.

TERRI

I shouldn't have sent her out there. This business was poison for her. I knew this would happen. And I just let it.

Derrick looks down at his knuckles. They are purple with BRUISES. He rubs them gently with his other hand.

DERRICK

Do you remember when I first met you? I was just a stupid kid who answered a Craigslist ad for a male model.

(beat)

To this day, I'm still not sure why you needed a male model.

Terri GRINS.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Anyway, after a half-hour photo shoot, you brought up this business you were starting. You told me I would see and do some fucked up shit and you asked if I wanted in. Remember what you said next?

TERRI

No idea.

DERRICK

You told me I had no reason to say yes. And no reason to say no. All I had were my reasons.

TERRI

Shit, I was just hopin' that'd make you say yes.

Derrick LAUGHS.

DERRICK

Well it worked.

(beat)

What I'm sayin' is Pamela had her own reasons. And what she did, she did. Not you. Not no one else.

Derrick places his hand on Terri's knee and offers a SMILE.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

I gotta get to work. I'll see you at home.

Derrick stands and walks away. Terri is left alone.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A curly-haired PROFESSOR enters a classroom and places his satchel on the desk in front of a large chalkboard.

PROFESSOR

Good afternoon. Behold, I am what your tuition gets you.

(beat)

You sorry souls.

The Class lets out a collective CHUCKLE. Among the students is Terri, dressed in jeans and a sweater. In front of her is an open notebook.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

I'm here to make you all experts on everyone's favorite subject.

The Professor picks up a piece of chalk and starts writing on the chalkboard. He finishes. It reads: "MACROECONOMICS" The Professor points to what he just wrote.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Macroeconomics.

Terri writes something in her notebook.

INT. SALVATION ARMY - DAY

Terri enters dressed in the same outfit she wore in class. In her arms she holds a large box. She makes her way over to the counter and PLOPS the box down on it.

TERRI

Can I make the donations here?

A SALES WOMAN smiles at her.

SALES WOMAN

Of course. Let's see what you got.

The Sales Woman reaches into the box and pulls out a set on MANACLES.

The Sales Woman's eyes go wide.

SALES WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, dear.

Terri starts back towards the exit.

TERRI

Don't undercharge for those.  
They're vintage.

Terri leaves while the Sales Woman pulls out another item, a LEATHER MASK, and drops it when she realizes what it is.

INT. SEATTLE VICE SET - DAY

Derrick is dressed in a nice suit, a clearly visible badge dangles from a chain around his neck.

He's in a fake interrogation room on the set for Seattle Vice.

Derrick LEANS IN, his knuckles resting on the table, as he gets in the face of another Actor, BILLY, dressed in a dirty t-shirt and jeans.

DERRICK

(in character)

What I think, Billy, is that he had help on the inside. I think he had help from you.

BILLY

No lawyer, no info.

DERRICK

(in character)

Your lawyer can't save your ass because I know it was you. We have his phone records and three eye witnesses.

BILLY

People see stuff all the time. They don't know what they're talkin' about.

Behind the scenes, STACEY watches.

DERRICK

(in character)

Keep lying, Billy. It just makes things more fun for me.

DIRECTOR #2 (O.S.)

CUT!

A number of CREW MEMBER flock the set, moving things around.

DIRECTOR #2 (CONT'D)

Derrick, that's a wrap for you.

Derrick makes his way over to Stacey and gives her a quick KISS on the lips.

DERRICK

Not bad?

STACEY

Not bad at all.

She SMILES at him.

PAUL (O.S.)

Derrick!

Derrick looks over to see Paul standing next to another man, by the food table.

DERRICK

(to Stacey)

I'll be right back.

Derrick walks over to Paul. The other man is PHILIP. He's in a nice suit and tie. Paul motions to Philip while Derrick approaches.

PAUL

I want you to meet Philip Harmon, he's one of the executive producers.

Philip and Derrick shake hands.

Paul pats them both on the back.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I'll let you two talk.

Paul walks away.

Stacey watches this interaction from a distance. Her face is riddled with curiosity.

PHILIP  
From a nobody to a leading role on a show. You must be very talented.

Philip WINKS.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
Paul said a lot about you.

DERRICK  
Is that good?

Philip CHUCKLES.

PHILIP  
I hope so. He told me how you met.

Derrick's expression drops. He turns back in the direction of Stacey and shoots her a reassuring SMILE. She returns with her own, unsure SMILE.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
I have a lot of shows I'm working on. Maybe you would be good for one of them. We could meet. Maybe this weekend, you can drop by my place.

DERRICK  
I don't really do that kind of thing anymore.

Philip CLEARS HIS THROAT.

PHILIP  
That's too bad. Ya know, that's probably better. Those kinds of rumors usually just make their way into the news and tabloids. And that would just be awful.

Derrick looks Philip in the eyes. He's being blackmailed. Philip hands Derrick his card.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
Here's my card if you wanna chat  
sometime.

Derrick looks down at the card and makes his way back over to  
Stacey.

STACEY  
What was that about?

DERRICK  
Nothing.

INT. PINKBERRY - DAY

The inside of the store is still unfinished. Unpainted  
plywood makes up the walls and tools litter the floor.

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS are busy fixing up small things here and  
there around the inside of the store.

Terri makes her way through and takes a step behind the  
counter. In her hands, she holds a framed document.

TERRI  
I'm not paying you boys to take  
your time.

One of the Construction Workers frowns.

Terri gets behind the counter. She picks a hammer and nail up  
from the floor and HAMMERS a nail into the unpainted wall  
behind the counter. She then hangs her framed MBA DEGREE from  
the nail.

She examines the degree with pride.

The sound of an ELECTRIC SCREWDRIVER. Terri frowns.

TERRI (CONT'D)  
Goddamn, it's too loud in here.

Terri makes her way back through the minefield of workers to  
the exit.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Terri steps outside.

The sounds of LA -- cars honking, sirens blaring, people  
talking -- fills the street.

Terri leans up against the side of the building and watches.

Across the street, a young blond girl in high heels, cheap make-up, and a very short skirt walks slowly down the street.

An ESCALADE pulls up to the curb beside her. She notices and leans in onto the open passenger's side window.

Terri can't hear but she looks on from her side of the street. She watches as the girl gets in the car and it takes off down the road and out of sight.

FADE TO BLACK.